

Cardi B, Hot Shit (featuring Lil Durk, Kanye West)

(Tay Keith, this too hard)
(Tay Keith, fuck these niggas up)
(Tay Keith)
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

Nah, this that hot shit
Jimmy Snuka off the top rope, superfly shit (Fly)
Might get in the tub with all my ice on some 'Pac shit (Hot)
Either way you slice it, bottom line, I'm the top bitch
New Chanel, I rock it, twist and it ain't even out yet
All this jewelry at the grocery store, I'm obnoxious
Bought a home and closin' on another, I know I'm blessed
Everybody wanna be gang, ain't no spots left
Bad bitch contest, there wouldn't be a contest
Ooh, smokin' dope, I'm connected
I don't know what's longer, man, my blocklist or my checklist
I don't know what's colder, man, my heart or my necklace
Pretty when I wake up, I'm a bad bitch at breakfast
Still might slide on the opp (It's electric)
Hatin' didn't work so they lie (So they lie)
These bitches lookin' hurt and they fried (And they fried)
I know they wouldn't miss them if they died
Tell 'em move (Move), move, new Chanel on my body, it's a boost
I'm so poppin' I don't ever gotta get introduced ('Duced)
One thing I never call a bitch for is a truce (Truce)
Brand new chopper, can't wait to put that bitch to use (Use)

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Oof (Oof), checks comin' fast, I'm like swoosh (Swoosh)
Ooh (Ooh), give 'em to them straight, hundred proof (Proof)
I thought I killed you hoes before, it must be déjà vu
It's either that or I'm catchin' body, number two

This that block music, this that drop location, drop a opp music (Man)
This ain't for them niggas in the house, this shit for Glock users
And I don't talk down on trenches hoes who known to be a cock user
This that pill talk, gotta buss his head, he cut on opp music
Who said you game? (Who?)
Who said you could come around this bitch and hang? (Who?)
And I fucked your baby mama, mama, and I ain't say a thing (Shh)
They just came outside in 2020, pull up in that '21
I pick my side, switches fully and I'ma die for 21 (Slaughter Gang)

I got plenty cars, I hit plenty stars and didn't come
I said it plenty times, I pay for bodies, I ain't pay for none
You think I'm finna leave my bitch for you? She fuck Future too
I know that Von hit her, she pulled up on my block in Jimmy Choo (Smurk)

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Pinky swear, you ain't scared when you heard Ye appear
I'ma hop up out the bushes, me and Pusha kill your man
I'm just sayin' now I start to get used to the pain
'Til one day I say, "Fuck it", brought my masseuse on the plane
Why you playin'? Reachin' the gang, losin' hand
Where you stand?
"Where was J at? Where was them at
Where you done that? Where you live at?"
Another headline, "Where your head at?"
"Nigga, go home, where your kids at?"
They be on my nerve, they be on my nerve, mm-mm
When we lost Virg', I was on the verge, mm-mm
I just hit the Louis store, I had to splurge, mm-mm
We just made a silent movie with no words, mm
Guess who toppin' now, uh, God got me now, uh
Guess who at Balenciaga, guess who shoppin' now, uh
They can't stop me now, uh, I been poppin' out, uh
Cardi, where your sister at? I need Henny now, mm-mm
I flew in and out, hundred-fifty-thou' mm-mm
Now, even when they shout, gotta shout me out
So ahead, go ahead, mm-mm
Not even close, all of y'all is number two

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